

# DOCTOR WHO

## A KLYTODE CHRISTMAS

PART ONE

Planet Earth, in the year 3781. London still exists, and so does Oxford Street...

...and so does Christmas shopping.

I love Christmas! I love the parties, the decorations, the telly, family get-togethers, all the things you have to organise... but most of all, I love the shopping!

London never changes...

Are you listening?

I mean, the human race has completely re-engineered the Earth's climate twice since the 21<sup>st</sup> century and they still can't get it to snow at Christmas.

Script TREVOR BAXENDALE  
Art JOHN ROSS  
Colours ALAN CRADDOCK  
Letters PAUL VYSE

Oh, stop complaining and help me find some presents.

Oh, look at those! Aren't they fantastic?

What d'you think? The vase for mum - it recycles its own water, apparently - and the computer game for Leo?

I'd forget the game. That thing has more computing power than the whole of NASA, the Pentagon and Industrial Light & Magic put together. Give that to your brother and he could wipe out the future of mankind by Boxing Day.

What about this necklace for Tish?

Martha, I'd rather face a Cyberman invasion than any more Christmas shopping - oof!

I dunno. Shop dummies make me nervous...

Spoilsport.

Sorry, mate. Watch your back there. Comin' through...

Bump!



Later...

How do you two like your tea? Earth leaves or Martian?

Earth, please.

So what's wrong, Bert? You two seem to have it made here.

We've got our own business now, Doc... fitting top-of-the-range sanitation systems to government facilities.

Still the go-to guys for executive toilets, eh?

That's the one. But something's not right. Jimmy's been acting awful strange lately... dizzy spells, blackouts, all kinds of stuff. At first I thought it was space sickness, or even a mid-life crisis...

"... but it all started when we won the contract to install sanitary facilities in the new Ecopower Station franchise."

"Jimmy started wandering off, getting lost in some of the restricted reactor areas. It was kinda embarrassing... and, y'know, out of character. Jimmy was always the cautious one. I don't know what's got into him lately."

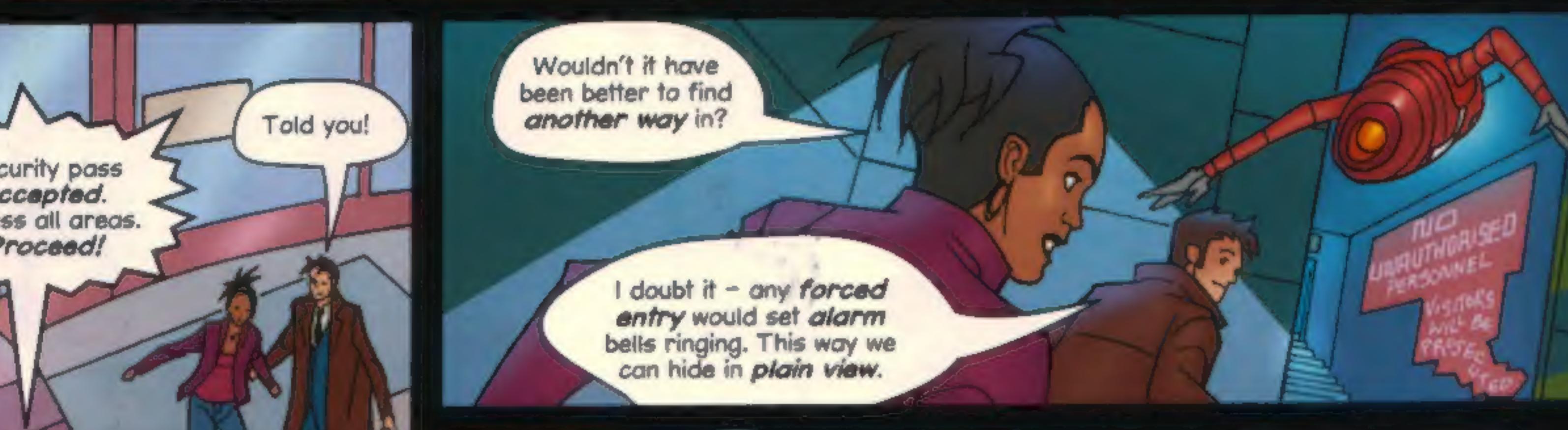
"Last week he accidentally found his way to the reactor control room. Can ya believe that? We almost lost the contract on the spot!"

It's taken over the world's environmental energy supplies. 'Brilliant for energy and okay for the environment.'

Three Earth teas coming right up... Sorry, we've only got digestive biscuits. Bert mistook the Hobnobs for burnt-out data wafers and threw them in the disintegrator. You know what he's like.

It's an easy mistake to make. I'm a construction robot, not a confection robot.

Vreep vreep!





"Behold -  
the Prime  
Klytode!"

"The gestalt brain  
that controls the  
Brethren, waiting  
in *hyperspace* to  
materialise over this  
power station!"

The big daddy  
of all the Klytodes!  
Now we're in  
trouble!

You mean we  
weren't before?

"That thing's the size of  
a city, Martha - a vast,  
industrial city spewing out  
clouds of *toxic gas*!"

I can control every  
Ecopower station on Earth  
from here - and using  
this pathetic human, I can  
connect every bio-reactor  
around the planet to  
relay the Prime Klytode's  
poisonous breath... all  
over the world!

Doctor - how  
can we stop it?

I don't know,  
Martha - I just  
don't know!

Jimmy!

It's too late,  
Doc-tor! The Prime Klytode  
is releasing *toxic waste*  
directly into your precious  
planet's *atmosphere*... soon it  
will be *utterly uninhabitable*  
by anything other than the  
Klytode Brethren!

So look out, Earth -  
**HERE COMES  
THE SCUM!**

EEEEEEOOOOOOOWWWWW!  
CAN THE DOCTOR  
SAVE EARTH FROM  
THE KLYTODE? FIND  
OUT NEXT ISSUE!